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## My Lover On One, My Enemy On The Other.



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### Chapter 1 by Moon Child (Purquoise)

Your life was seemingly already laid out for you since you were born. Your society was one of technology and innovation, but also of tradition and superstition.

Somehow along the lines of evolution, humans had the ability to predict your enemy, the one you hate the most, and your lover, your true soulmate, with just a glance. On your wrists were 2 names, engraved forever and can not be removed. You can never know which is which, for its random every time. They say that these people's souls have always been with yours, only under different names and identities, yet are still the same. But do remember, you best hope not to have the same name on both arm.

You are Damien, a young highschool boy who has gone through life worrying and waiting. About school, his grades, his looks, his habits, and most of all: the two names he bares on his wrists. One is Alex Krateg. The other is Ashton Kakuun. He, you, would often stare at your wrists for no reason, formulating stories on who these people are and how you would meet them.

You walk to school, as it isn't too far away. It's the second week back, and everyone is already getting into the groove of things. You walk up to the school's entrance, sighing as the crowd's

yelling and rambling pound in your ears. You finally shove past all the dawdlers and into the school you are. You start to walk to class, but you hear someone call your name. You lazily turn around.

"What do you want?" you say.

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## Chapter 2 by R



"You /are/ Damien Moreau, then?" Asks the smirking person standing in the slowly emptying hall.

"Yeah, that's me." You respond casually. "I've said it once, and I'll say it again: What do you want?"

He stares at you for a few seconds, at the books you hold in your hands and the tired, weary face that you keep on to hide all of your worry. He's smooth looking, with black hair that is effortlessly ruffled, skin that's ambiguously tanned, and eyes that are almost golden in their brownness.

"Alexander Krateg." He says, still smirking at you. "But you can call me Alex, seeing how we're soulmates."

You pause, and stare at him with wide eyes. It takes everything you have not to let your books drop to the floor. Fuck.

"I don't know, you're handsome enough, but I think I'll need to know you a bit better to figure out whether we're that, or enemies, yeah?" He laughs at that, and his laugh is low, and it sends butterflies to your stomach.

You'd kind of been hoping that Alex was a girl, because while Ashton could be a girl's name, that did seem unlikely. Your parents weren't as bad as that, they were just on the 'as long as they're your soulmate' train, but still, there were some people...

But Alex...

There was something dark about him, something in the sharpness of your smile, that made you both love him and worry. You hadn't been joking, about it being either or.

You quickly glance at his wrists while you talk to him. The left one he shows proudly, and your name is easy to identify. The other is hidden. Before you catch the writing on it, if you hadn't seen those letters every day on your skin, maybe you wouldn't have been able to read it.

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But there, peeking out from underneath his shirt in clean lettering was the name Ashton Kakuun.

This was either very good or very, very bad.

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